

JOHN HENRY

IN A STREET CAR

BY HUGH McHUGH
(George V. Hobart)



"ME" IN THE STREET CAR.

Throw me in the cellar and batten down the hatches. I'm a wreck in the key of G flat. I side-stepped in among a bunch of language-heavers yesterday and ever since I've been sitting on the ragged edge with my feet hanging over.

I was on my way down to Wall street to help J. Pierpont Morgan buy a couple of railroads and all the world seemed as blithe and gay as a love clinch from Laura Jean Libbey's latest.

When I climbed into the cable-car I felt like a man who had mailed money to himself the night before.

I was aces.

And then somebody blew out my gas.

At the next corner two society flash-lights flopped in and sat next to me. They had a lot of words they wanted to use and they started in.

The car stopped and two more of the 400's leading ladies jumped the hurdles and came down the aisle.

They sat on the other side of me. In a minute they began to bite the dictionary.

Their efforts aroused the energies of three women who sat opposite me, and they proceeded to beat the English language black and blue.

In a minute the air was so full of talk that the grip germs had to pull out on the platform and chew the conductor.

The next one to me on my left started in:

"Oh, yes; we discharged our cook day before yesterday, but there's another coming this evening, and so—"

Her friend broke away and was up and back to the center with this:

"I was coming down Broadway this morning and I saw Julia Marlowe's leading man. I'm sure it was him, because I saw the show once in Chicago and he has the loveliest eyes I ever looked at!"

I knew that that was my cue to walk out, kick the motorman in the knuckles, upset the car and send in a fire call, but I passed it up.

I just sat there and bit my nails like the heavy villain in one of Corse Payton's ten, then, two, dramas.

That "loveliest eyes" speech had me groggy.

Whenever I hear a woman turn on that "loveliest eyes" gag about an actor I always feel that a swift slap from a wet dish-rag would look well on her back hair.

Then the bunch across the aisle got the flag.

"Well, you know," says the broad lady who paid for one seat and was

compelled by Nature to use three, "you know there's only five in our family, and so I take just five slices of stale bread and have a bowl of water ready in which I've dropped a pinch of salt. Then I take a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and thoroughly grease the bottom of a frying-pan; then beat five eggs to a froth, and—"

I'm hoping the conductor will come in and give us all a tip to take to the timber because the cops are going to pinch the room, but there's nothing doing.

One of the dames on my right finds her voice and passes it around:

"Oh, I think it's a perfect fright! I always did detest electric blue, anyway. It is so unbecoming, and then—"

I've just decided that this lady ought to make up as a Swede servant girl and play the part, when her friend books in:

"Oh, yes; I think it will look perfectly sweet! It is a foulard in one of those new neolotrope tints, made with a crepe de chine chemiselette, with a second vest peeping out on either side of the front over an embroidered satin vest and cut in scallops on the edge, finished with a full ruche of white chiffon, and the sleeves are just too tight for any use, and the skirt is too long for any good, and I declare the lining is too sweet, and I just hate to wear it out on the street and get it soiled, and I was going to have it made with a tulle, and Mrs. Wigwag—that's my brother-in-law's first cousin—she had her's made to wear with guimpes—and they are so economical! and—"

Think of a guy having to ride four miles and get his forehead fanned all

the while with talk about foulard and crepe de chine and guimpes!

Wouldn't it lead you to a padded cell?

Say! I was down and out—no kidding!

I wanted to get up and fight the door-tender, but I couldn't.

One of the conversationalists was sitting on my overcoat.

I felt that if I got up and called my coat back to Papa she might lose the thread of her story, and the jar would be something frightful.

So I sat still and saved her life.

The one on my right must have been the Lady President of The Hammer Club.

She was talking about some other girl and she didn't do a thing to the absent one.

She said she was svelte.

I suppose that's Dago for a shine.

That's the way with some women. They can't come right out and call another woman a polka. They have to beat around the bush and chase their friends to the swamps by throwing things like "svelte" at them. Tush!

I tried to duck the foreign tattle on my right and by so doing I'm next to this on my left:

"Oh, yes; I think politics is just too lovely! I don't know whether I'd rather be a Democrat or a Republican, but I think—oh! just look at the hat that woman has on! Isn't that a fright? Wonder if she trimmed it herself. Of course she did; you can tell by—"

I'm gasping for breath when the broad lady across the aisle gets the floor:

"No, indeed! I didn't have Eliza vaccinated. Why, she's too small yet, and don't you know my sister's husband's brother's child was vaccinated, and she is younger than our Eliza, but I don't just care, I don't want—"

Then the sweet girlish thing on my left gave me the corker screw jab.

It was the finish:

"Isn't that lovely? Well, as I was telling you, Charlie came last night and brought Mr. Storeclose with him. Mr. Storeclose is awfully nice. He plays the mandolin just too sweet for anything, and—"

Me!—to the oyster beds! No male impersonators garroting a mandolin! not any in mine!

When I want to take a course in music I'll climb into a public library and read how Baldy Sloan wrote the Tiger Lily with one hand tied behind him and his feet on the piano.

So I fell off the car and crawled home to mother.

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Defenseless.

Clarence Kinky—Ain't seen nothing o' Mose Johnson lately. Anythin' do happen to him, huh?

G. Washington Cole—Yessah, Mose done sufferin' from a fit ob absent-mindedness; he came around to de club las' week wif only a safety razor.

—Puck.

The Texas Wonder.

Cures all Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatic troubles; sold by all druggists, or two months treatment by mail, for \$1. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials.

July 19, '06, 1-yr.

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June 7-3-w

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cure Coughs; Prevents Pneumonia

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children's coughs, cures the asthmatic



BLACKNESS.

"Chevreul's Black," Which is Blacker Than Black Velvet.

A simple experiment is one on blackness. You know that no paint or any other substance in the world is perfectly black, but there is a way to make a figure appear so that it will look blacker even than black velvet.

Paint the inside of a pasteboard box black or cover it with dead black cloth. In the lid of the box make a hole, being careful not to make it larger than one-tenth of the surface of the lid. If now you hold the box so that the light will not strike the hole directly and look through the hole into the box the hole will appear intensely black.

Make the hole in the form of a design or an imp or a brownie, and even if you paint the lid black, when you look through the hole you will see the figure darker than the dark background.

The black produced by this method is called "Chevreul's black," after the Frenchman who invented it.

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THE SHOCK OF 1663.

When Canada, New York and Pennsylvania Were Shaken Up.

Canada, New York and Pennsylvania experienced a terrible shock on Jan. 26, 27 and 28, 1663. A quaint description of the occurrence, published at the time, says:

"The heavens being serene, there was suddenly heard a roar like the noise of a great fire. Immediately the buildings were shaken with great violence. Doors opened and shut of themselves with a fearful clattering. The bells rang without their ropes being touched. Cracks appeared in the walls of buildings and floors separated and in some cases came down. Chasms appeared in the fields, and the hills seemed to be in motion. The fright of the inhabitants was shared by the beasts and birds, who sent forth fearful cries, howlings and bellowings.

"The duration of this earthquake was very uncommon. The first shock continued half an hour before it was over, but it began to abate a quarter of an hour after it started. Three other shocks occurred the same day. The second day there was a more violent shock, which lasted a long time, and that night some counted no less than thirty-two shocks, of which many were violent. The tremblings of the earth did not cease till July. Many trees were torn up and the profiles of the mountains seemed to be much changed. Springs and small streams were dried up. Waters once sweet became sulphurous and the channels in which rivers formerly ran were so altered as to be unrecognizable.

"Halfway between Tadousac and Quebec two hills were thrown down and formed a point of land which extended an eighth of a mile into the St. Lawrence river. The island of Aux Coudres became larger than it was before and the channel of the river was greatly changed."

How He Thought Kings Should Die.

Cramer was Voltaire's Geneva publisher. At a rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies M. Cramer was finishing his role, which was to end with some dying sentences. Voltaire, objecting to the manner in which that death scene was played, cried out in accents of scathing scorn, "Cramer, you lived like a prince during the four preceding acts, but at the fifth you die like a bookseller." Tronchin, being present, could not help in kindness interfering. "M. Voltaire," said he deprecatingly, "can you expect to have gentlemen to be at the expense of dresses and fatigue of getting up such long parts if you thus upbraid them?" On the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands, and as to my friend Cramer, I declare that, so far as I am a judge, he dies with the same dignity he lived."

Voltaire raised his head and glanced defiantly at Tronchin. "Doctor," he cried, "when you have kings to kill kill them your own way. Let me kill mine as I please."

—Notes and Queries.

Where She Had Seen Him.

Dr. Hook, a celebrated Yorkshire vicar, afterward dean of Chichester, was not a handsome man. An old acquaintance says of him:

"The boy, Walter Farquhar Hook, might almost have been described as one of those on whom nature is said to have tried her 'prentice hand.' He was very fond of commenting on his own ugliness and repeated with great amusement some of the 'left handed compliments' he had received."

On one occasion the good vicar saw a little girl looking attentively into his face.

"Well, my dear," said he, "I don't think you've seen me before."

"Oh, yes, I have!"

"Where?"

"I saw you the other day climbing up a pole and I gave you a bun."

—Pearson's Weekly.

Convictions.

What most people call "deep and earnest convictions" on political and social topics are generally muddled headed medleys of knowledge of fact and opinion. They know that such and such a thing is an evil and they opine that they see a way to amend it, and if wiser people point out to them that the evil would not be so amended or that greater evils would accrue from the attempt they only feel that their "convictions" are affronted and opposed by cold blooded calculations. This kind of opinion is often as confident as actual knowledge.—London Graphic.

A COMMON AILMENT.

The Curious Nerve Affliction Which is Known as "Tic."

"A curious nervous affliction which members of my profession are sometimes asked to prescribe for," said a family physician, "is that of the unconscious movement, or, as the French call it, the 'tic.' It is, of course, only when the 'tic' takes some very pronounced or objectionable form that medical aid is summoned. As for the less pronounced cases, you meet them everywhere in everyday existence. Unconscious gnawing of finger nails and biting of lips are examples of the malady in lesser form."

"Almost all 'tic' subjects are sufferers at the same time from some form of nervousness. Sometimes the movement arises in a natural cause, the contortions of a woman's features caused by a tight face veil, for example, which sometimes become chronic and continue after the cause is removed."

is removed. Then, they are tations consciously or unconsciously indulged in until a habit is formed.

"We have all seen the woman whose hand passes every few moments over her coiffure and the man who regularly strokes his chin or manipulates his beard while talking. How amazed these people would be to know that theirs was merely a lesser form of the distressing grimaces which attract attention in public places and cause us to regard the subject with pitying horror!"

"As to the more pronounced forms, these have many variations. A recognized variety is that of 'cuss words' poured forth in great volume, the subject being either unaware of his delinquency or unable to control it, even when unprovoked by any annoyance."

"Any one who is subject to 'nerves' or who has been a victim of nervous prostration will do well to guard against the insidious encroachment of an individual 'tic.'"

—New York Press.

Rheumatism.

"There is nothing so good for rheumatism as cotton batting," a lady declared the other day to a friend who was a victim of it. "I have tried every other remedy under the sun and cotton batting has helped me when everything else has failed. For sciatica it hasn't an equal. I had suffered from it for weeks, could not turn myself in bed and had about concluded that I had either got to wait and let it wear off or wear me out. I sent for several sheets of cotton batting and swathed my leg in it from hip to toes, leaving not a loophole through which a particle of air could enter. In less than a week I was up and about the house. The pain had left me entirely, and I never have felt a twinge of it since." Care should be taken, however, especially in the winter, not to leave off the wrappings too suddenly.

Convenient.

Jeweler—You say you want some name engraved on this ring?

Young Man—Yes, I want the words "George to his dearest Alice" engraved on the inside of the ring.

"Is the young lady your sister?"

"No, she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you, I would not have 'George to his dearest Alice' engraved on the ring. If Alice goes back on you you can't use the ring again."

"What would you suggest?"

"I would suggest that the words be 'George to his first and only love.' You see with that inscription you can use the ring half a dozen times. I have had experience in such matters myself."

—Pearson's Weekly.

Whom the Gods Love.

"Whom the gods love die young" is an adage which has come down to us from the stoics, who believed that lengthening years invariably meant increase of sorrow and misery. There is a story told of a mother in Athens who, having rendered the gods some service, was assured that any petition she offered would be heard and answered. She prayed for her three sons the best gift the gods could bestow. The next morning they were all found dead.

Discovery of Glass Etching.

The art of etching from glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass cutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that they became corroded and softened where the acid had touched. That was hint enough.

He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

A Chronic Disease.

Willie—Say, pop, what's spring fever?

Papa—Spring fever is an overwhelming desire to sit down and watch other people work.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Light That Failed.

McTavish—Have you a light, Donald?

Donald—Aye, but it's out.—London

The Poor Seamstress and the Gown of Fashion

By MRS. J. G. PHELPS STOKES,
Social Settlement Worker.



TO ONE who knows overwork and underpay; to one who sees starvation staring her in the face often enough, in spite of heroic effort to toil when stricken ill as a result of that overwork and underpay; to one who is glad of but a half decent rag to cover the wretchedness of her poverty; to one who has been compelled to sew that rag together after an exhausting day's work that she may have it to wear at all—in a word, to one who produces far more than she needs to consume for her own maintenance, yet is compelled to starve or to suffer in the midst of the plenty she produces—to such a one what must be the thoughts and feelings that come when she sees women—sisters of one common origin, all children of one God—living in wastefulness and spending in extravagant living the profits wrung from the working people's toil?

Some years ago in front of a shop window I saw a little woman, shabbily dressed in black, who stopped to look at a gown displayed there. The tag told the admiring public outside that the gown would cost \$250. The little woman worked her fingers nervously, and although there were no tears in her eyes, one could plainly see that it was because constant weeping had dried up the fountains of her tears. "And my baby was starving to death," she murmured, without emotion—"and my baby was starved to death!" And as she walked away I heard her say: "There is no God—no, there is no God!"

Let us suppose that a "woman of fashion" had seen this little woman and heard her say these things, do you think it would have altered her entire conception of life? I think it would. But somehow when the same woman hears or reads about these things the words have little meaning for her. To her it is a fairy or witch's tale. Sometimes it draws a tear, sometimes a sigh, and as often as not a generous check to a charitable society; but nearly always the terrible, calloused life goes on.

There are few women in any class who fully realize that they are loved for what they have in them, and that women who have most worth in their souls usually care least to put much worth on their bodies.

Under existing conditions it costs something to put humility in the place of pride and vainglory and to choose to walk humbly with God rather than proudly with men. But men and women who once get an understanding of the sources of their incomes and of the underlying conditions that produce poverty and all the suffering, sickness and death that poverty entails, will pay that "something"—whatever in their individual cases that something may be—will pay it gladly, because they will believe it worth the cost.

Wonderful gowns into which women sew their very heartstrings, yet have not enough means, with all their excessive labor, themselves to be nobly clothed as becomes human beings, and who never get the time even were they to get the means—and all for what? That other women, who neither toil nor spin, may be arrayed like the lily. Heaven help them to realize how scarlet is that seeming whiteness!

Man as a Husband Is a Failure

By NIKOLA GREELEY-SMITH,
World's Oracle on Love and Marriage.

Much has been written of the elevation of woman by civilization, of the improved status advancing centuries have given the wife, but, in my opinion, civilization has done far more to elevate man, since it has transformed

him from the mere accessory before the great first fact of motherhood that nature made him into a being with permanent relations and responsibilities—that is, into the husband of to-day.

That the transition has been too swift for him, that he does not appreciate his exertion from a primal mission resembling that of the father bee, which, its function of parenthood accomplished, perishes midair, is proved by the pessimistic and reiterated declaration of his essential polygamy he is wont to make in his candid moments to-day. He is, by his own confession, a polygamous creature in a monogamous strait-jacket. He is a failure as a husband because, while his mind has constructed castles of illusion for us to dwell in, he has had all along a secret conviction that he, personally, would rather live in a cave. He has built the house beautiful of marriage on the quicksand of human impulses and desires, and, while insisting that we should never set foot outside its threshold, has generally found it too small for himself.

Our economic dependence on him made it possible for him to dictate both our conduct and his own, to bound our emotional horizon by the gilded circle of the wedding ring, while his eccentric orbit swept, comet-like, the uttermost realms of space—and, like most comets, by the way, came home at moderately regular intervals.

As women, we should not quarrel with our horizon, nor should we shrewishly arraign poor man because he has civilized us at his expense. We must realize simply that emotionally we are centuries ahead of him, and that we shall have to wait patiently for him to grow up, and meantime moderate our steps to his, just as we do when we take the baby out for an airing.

For our sakes possibly he hitched his wagon to a star, when he might have preferred to ditch it in a slough. Whatever heights we occupy, we should beg to remember that he brought us to them in his wagon, and the only legitimate fault we can find with him is that, like Tom Thumb in the fairy story, when his parents tried to lose him, he strewn pebbles by the wayside and so finds his way back occasionally to the cave.

Though a failure as a husband, he has made a success of us as wives. Whatever he may be himself, good women, like towers of ivory, top the summits of his most beautiful dreams—though Pisa has no monopoly of leaning towers, to be sure.

Our dependence has wrought our own salvation. Our dawning independence